THE WIDOW'S LAST PRAYER.

Oh ! Mother dear, leave off crying,
Your only child is by your side ;
On you all my hopes relying,
Ever since my Father died !..
My Child ! my thoughts are ever on you ;
My nightly prayer for you is given ;
My health, my dear, is fast decaying ;
My soul must take its flight to Heaven !

Come, my Child, come nearer to me ;
Do not fret, do not despair :
A parting kiss before I leave you,
I'm going to meet your Father there ..
It is our lot, we must not murmur ;
It is our Great Creator's will ;
When I depart this world of sorrow,
He'll be a Father to you still .....

She clasped her child close to her bosom,
While her eyes were closed in death
God bless my boy ! she faintly murmured
It was her last expiring breath.
Alone and helpless stood the Orphan,
With tearful and aspect wild
O God ! look down, in all thy mercy,
And be a Father to this Child !

The funeral cortege, onward rolling,
There stood One (a Soldier brave),
Reported dead, but only missing :
He stood beside the new-made grave,
Tears rolled down his manly cheeks ;
With weary look and features mild ;
Weep not, my Boy ! I'm safe returned,
To be a Father to my Child !

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